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M. M. DAY, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. L. Barker & Co's store; residence at Mrs. Linsley's, Main St., MIDDLEBURY, VT. 29:14

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MIDDLEBURY, VT. 31:17

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Dealers in all kinds of Enriched Marble and Work of all kinds. BRISTOL, VT.

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H. KINGSLEY, Dentist.
MIDDLEBURY, VT. 42

A. V. SPAULDING, Attorney and
Counselor, and Solicitor in Chancery. 39:14

W. P. RUSSELL, M. D., Physician
and Surgeon. Office Rooms over Frank H. Basson's Drug Store, MIDDLEBURY, VT. 32:14

THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney
and Counselor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Claim Agent. Office at his residence, west end of the Bridge. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEVENS' HOTEL, VERMONT, VT.
C. T. & C. O. STEVENS, Proprietors. Guests carried to and from Carriage. A good family restaurant. 27

MIDDLEBURY HOUSE, J. J. Scott,
Proprietor, Court Street, Middlebury, VT. 36

A. P. PUPPER, Attorney and
Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. 39

JOHN H. SIMMONS,
Assistant Assessor, Dist. Dist. 24. Office 21 Court Street, Middlebury, VT. 35

R. CLAY, Dealer in Millinery and
Ladies' Furnishing Goods. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

E. D. MUNGER, Dealer in
Watches, Jewelry, and Stationery. Black Books, & No. 1, Severance's Block, Middlebury, VT. 41

E. W. WRIGHT, Attorney & Coun-
sellor, and Solicitor in Chancery. MIDDLEBURY, VT. 41

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Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises, Furnishing Goods, &c. BRANDON, VT.

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in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c. With Old Main, Middlebury, VT. 18

M. H. EDDY, M. D., Physician and
Surgeon. Residence two doors north of Dr. Kitchell's, on Westside Street. Office in Brewster's Block, Main Street. 17

H. W. BREWSTER, Dealer in Gold
and Silver Watches, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description. All kinds of repairing done at the lowest rates. Brewster's Block, 17

M. TRIPP Sheriff for Addition
County. Office in Stewart's Block, MIDDLEBURY, VT. 41

IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Coun-
sellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDRIDGE, Attor-
neys and Counselors at Law. MIDDLEBURY, VT.

D. R. S. T. ROWLEY, Electric Phy-
sician. At his residence on Seymour St. MIDDLEBURY, VT. 94

N. A. THOMPSON, DEALER IN
STATIONERY, CHROMOS, PICTURES AND FRAMES, STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS, FRENCH PAPERS, HOLLY WOOD GOODS, &c. 19

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Sewing Machines for sale at much less than retail prices. Bristol, May 24th 1870. E. B. STEWART.

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Furniture, a general assortment of Groceries, Flour, Cheese, and other provisions. Cash paid for Prime Butter at any time any day in the week. 19

ALBERT CHAPMAN, MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Surgery Agent and dealer in all kinds of hardy Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Grapes, Vines, Raspberries, and other small fruits. In the selection of trees from locations and varieties suited to our climate. 19

MOS DOUGLASS, Agent for Bick-
ford's Family Kitting Machine. Please call at N. A. Thompson's and examine machine and sample of work, or address the agent at 27:17

A. J. STYLES, Photographer, Op-
posite Post Office. Pictures of all kinds made in the most perfect manner. Frames in Oil, Black Walnut and Rosewood. Albums in Gold and Silver. Particular attention paid to copying and enlarging old photographs. Photographs finished in Oil, Water Colors, or India Ink. 41:17

C. C. & L. W. HUNTINGTON
Practical Upholsters, manufacturers and dealers in UPHOLSTERY GOODS, FEATHERS, MATTRESSES & SPRING BEDS. READ-MADE COFFINS. 17

R. BIRCHARD, Dealer in
FURNITURE. Parlor Suits, Walnut, Chestnut, Black Ash and Painted Chamber Suits, Side-boards, Bedsteads, Chamber Suits, Sofas and Lounges. 17

LIFE INSURANCE
Taking the mortality in the thirty-three companies which did business in the State of N. York, for four years, (55, 56, 57, 58) as a basis, the rate of interest in the Connecticut Mutual, Reserve Company will be 75 cents per cent. \$5,000; 20 cents per week for \$2,500; it being less than one-third the cost of insuring in any other company in the United States. AMOS DOUGLASS, Agent. Middlebury, VT. 46:17

DOWN & R. BOLTON & ALLEN
MANUFACTURERS OF DOORS, SASH, BLINDS. Mouldings, Architraves, Brackets and Lumber. 17

Which are kept constantly on hand, or will be made to order on short notice. Plans, Floor turning, Sash sawing. Glazed and painted and put in order. Newels, Stair Rails and Balusters on hand or made to order. Laths, Shingles, Chalkboards, Floor-boards and Finishing Lumber constantly on hand and worked if desired. MIDDLEBURY, VT. E. W. DOUGLASS, N. A. THOMPSON, W. J. FULLER.

VOL. XXXV.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER 20, 1870.

NO. 39.

No Drunkards There.

There is a beautiful land, we are told, With rivers of silver and streets of gold; Bright are the beings who shine there; Wander along each quiet street; Sweet is the music that fills the air— Or no drunkards are there.

No garrets are there, where the weary wait, Where the room is cold and the hours are late; No pale-faced wife, with looks of fear, Listens for steps she dreads to hear. The hearts are free from pain and care— No drink is sold there.

All the long day, in that beautiful land, The clear water ripples o'er beds of sand; And, down on the edge of the water's brink, Those white-robed beings wander nor shrink, Nor fear the power of the tempter's snare. For no wine is there.

The Galaxy for 1871 promises even

greater attractions than heretofore. One distinctive feature of the Galaxy is, the bright sharp way in which it is edited. Every subject of popular interest is at once and in a written up by the most competent person.

The Galaxy has gathered around itself a staff of the most popular writers in every department, and it is clear that every number is made up with the same unity of purpose and nice discernment of the public taste, which characterizes our most successful daily and weekly papers.

It has been the custom for magazines to furnish the public with the best selection they could make from such articles as were sent to them for publication. The day for this has past, and the editor of the first class magazine has a very different duty to perform from reading manuscript, and cutting out the best. He must create. He must map out the style of magazine he wishes to produce, and then seek out the most competent persons to prepare articles upon subjects on which the public desire to read. This important change is the requirements of magazine literature. The Galaxy was the first to discern, if it did not itself create the change.

Among the attractions for the coming year, The Galaxy has engaged Prof. Crayton to furnish a series of sketches of life and adventure, which will revive the old interest in his pictures of American scenes.

Miss Edwards, the author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence," and "Susan Fielding," will begin a new novel in the January number, entitled "Ought We to Visit Her?"

In the January number a new department will be opened—a department of science, which will be under the charge of a distinguished writer in that field, remarkable for his skill in bringing within popular apprehension even the most abstruse investigations of modern science.

The remarkable series of papers by distinguished public men, to which Messrs. Thurlow Weed, J. S. Black, Horatio King, and Gideon Wells have contributed during the past year now closed, will include contributions from other public men of high position and wide experience.

Each number will have humorous articles by Mark Twain, which are a constant source of delight to the public. Each number will have a complete review of the world of literature, embracing French, German, English, and American literature, prepared by the most competent writer.

Mr. Richard Grant White will, early in the year, begin his series of articles on "Americanisms," a continuation of the popular series on "Words and Their Uses."

Mr. Justin McCarthy has returned to the United States, and will contribute to the Galaxy as heretofore.

Of other writers who will have articles in the numbers of the Galaxy for 1871, may be named: Haydn Taylor, Ike Marvel, Parke Godwin, Dr. J. C. Draper, Carl Benson, Louise d'Hauterive (author of the Havana Letter), Prof. J. M. Hart of Cornell University and others.

The regular departments of The Galaxy will be continued. "Driftwood," by Philip Quilbier, treating of current events, is always interesting and instructive. The "Nebula" is bright and attractive. Short stories and sketches, by the best writers, in abundance.

The conductors of the Galaxy intend to make it even better and more attractive than it has heretofore been. No expense will be spared to secure articles of the greatest interest to its readers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JANUARY,

1871.—Opens the new year brilliantly and in a way which looks as if it could be named "The Year in a Venetian Palace," by W. D. Howells—who could not write poorly if he tried, and is never likely to try—is exquisite for its descriptions, and is also as instructive as a guide-book. "Miss Moggridge's Provider" is one of Harriet Prescott Gifford's best stories. "The Valley of Gartein," by a mysterious H. H., is a mixture of travel, sketch and story, quite pleasant to take mentally. Col. Higginson narrates in his charming style "Madam Delia's Expectations." As a beginning in a series of "Castilian Days," Mr. John Hay gives A Field-night in the Spanish Cortes, vividly sketching Prim, C. telar, and the other present notabilities of Spanish politics. "Our Eyes and Ears" is a very readable story by Henry W. Williams, especially in this part of the country, where eye-complaints seem to be peculiarly prevalent. "Kate Beaumont" is a very readable story by J. W. DeForest. Of Senator Wilson's "New Departure of the Republican Party," our readers have already had a fair taste. Our Whispering Gallery," by Mr. Fieldie, devoted in the party of French emigrants were going admirably, and promises to be the great feature of the coming numbers. Evidently the Atlantic means to maintain its ascendancy in American periodical literature during 1871 at least.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS FOR JANUARY,

has a capital fall page engraving, "The Skaters" and another quite as good, "A Christmas Tree under Difficulties"—both drawn by the boy's favorite, Eytine. There is a profusion of other good illustrations, and stories' poems and sketches by F. Trowbridge, Marian Douglas, Mrs. Diaz and other admirable writers for the young. Among the writers for next year will be Mrs. Stowe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Augustus Holmes, Mrs. Austin and others. The Magazine never stood higher with its readers, who are not all young by any means.

Our Advice.

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down on the bar and demand a glass of brandy or whisky. Ask if twenty-five cents can not be better invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket, and give it to the little cripple who sells matches on the corner. Take our word for it, you will not be sorry.

Wait, madam—think twice before you decide on that hundred-dollar shawl. A hundred dollars is a great deal of money; one dollar is a great deal, when people consider the amount of good it will accomplish in careful hands. Your husband's business is uncertain; there may be a financial crisis close at hand. How can that hundred dollars be so sure to you yet?

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast pin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate-glass window. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding ring, made to fit a rosy finger that you wot of. A shirt, neatly ironed, and a pair of socks, like lace-work, are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't afford to marry? You mean you can't afford not to marry.

Wait, and think the matter over. Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to that little chubby rogue, who has torn his apron and soiled his white Marseilles jacket. He is only a child, and "mother" is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needles and thread and cord will repair all damages now; but if you once teach him to shrink from his mother, and hide away his childish fault, that can not be repaired.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with family cares and household responsibilities "as your mother did." She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember that died; remember the love and care she bestowed on you when you had that fit of illness. Do you think she is made of iron? Wait wait in silence and forbearance, and the old light will come back to her eyes—the light of former days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late and weary, and "out of sorts." He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand in hand, with care, and selfishness, and greed, and all the demons that follow in the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely; let him feel that there is one place in the world where he can find peace, and quiet, and perfect love.

Wait, bright young girl, before you arch your pretty eye-brows and when you "old maid," as the quiet figure steals by with silver in her hair, and "crow's feet" round the eyes. It is hard enough to lose life's gladness and elasticity. It is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You do not know what she has endured; you never can until experience teaches you; so wait, before you sneer at the "old maid."

Wait, sir, before you add a billiard-room to your house, and buy the best horse that Black and White, and all the rest of the "fellows," coit. Wait and think whether you can afford it; whether your outstanding bills are paid, and your liabilities fully met, and all the chances and changes of life provided for. Wait, and think how you would like, like you are, your pretty eye-brows and when you are struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want-stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger-on around corner groceries and one-horse gambling saloons. You think that it is impossible. Do you remember what Hazael said to the seer of old? "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

Wait, merchant, before you tell the pale-faced boy from the country "that you can do nothing for him." You can do nothing for him? You can give him a word of encouragement; a word of advice. There was a time when you were young, and poor, and friendless. Have you forgotten it already?

Wait, blue-eyed lassie—wait awhile before you say "yes" to the dashing young fellow who says he can not live without you. Wait until you have ascertained "for sure and for certain," as the children say, that the cigar and the card table are not to be your rivals in his heart. A little delay will not hurt him, whatever he may say—just see if it will.

And wait, my friend, in the brown mustache. Don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure she will be kind to your old mother, and gentle with your little sisters, and a true, loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny side of Broadway as second only to Elysium! As a general thing, people are in too great a hurry in this world. We say wait, wait! Look before you leap.

The Word "Obe-y."

"Well, John, I can't to-night, anyhow, because I have a headache. Just this talk has got my head to thumping so, it's really dreadful! And I'm so low-spirited! I do wish you had a wife that would suit you. Wait until you have secured one. And then, when you have a wife, I'll be dissolved in tears; and John stroked her head, and petted her, and called her a little pussy, and begged her pardon for being so rough with her, and in short acted like a fool generally.

"If that woman was my wife now," I fancy I hear some youth with a promising mustache remark. "I'd make her behave."

Well, sir, supposing she was your wife, what are you going to do about it? What are you going to do when she accounts for your wife a sick headache, so that she cannot possibly attend to them? Are you going to enact the Blue Beard, and rage and storm, and threaten to cut her head off? What good would that do? Cutting off a wrong little head would not turn it into a right one. An ancient proverb significantly remarks, "You can't have more of a cat than her skin," and no amount of fuming and storming can make any thing more of a woman than she is. Such as your wife is, sir, you must take her, and make the best of it. Perhaps you want your own way. Don't you wish you could get it?

But didn't she promise to obey? Didn't she? Of course. Then why is it that

Woman Suffrage Needed in Vermont.

Six months ago, the Constitutional Convention of Vermont, by an almost unanimous vote, rejected the brief and feeble proposition of the Council of Censors that "hereafter woman may vote and with no other restrictions than are prescribed for men."

The cause and consequence of that fatal mistake are both painfully evident in a scandalous and indecent "mock session" of the Vermont Legislature, held last week, immediately preceding its adjournment, and which ought to consign to political oblivion every man who participated in a transaction so infamous.

It appears that it has been customary in Vermont from time immemorial for members of the Legislature to hold a "mock session" before dispersing, in which the usual forms of legislation are travestied for their own amusement and that of a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen who are attracted by the fun and of the affair. In the present case a Legislature largely composed of the members of the Constitutional Convention which condemned Woman Suffrage without debate converted the occasion into a scene of atrocious impropriety.

A correspondent of the Montpelier Freeman of Nov. 30th says:—"It will be necessary, for reasons entirely obvious to those who had the misfortune to be present, to report the proceedings, as bills are generally read the second time, by the title only." For the proceedings were so decidedly "smutty," to use a vulgar term, though the most refined one which can be used with propriety in such a connection as to render the appearance of any detailed account of them in the public prints not only out of place, but altogether inexcusable."

We are told that hundreds of ladies, who were unable to escape in consequence of the crowd, were compelled to witness a scene and listen to expressions so obscene that even—

A distinguished lawyer in the gallery himself more noted for his ability and genial good nature than for any special refinement of language, turned upon his heel and swore by a mighty power, as he went out of the door, that he "couldn't stand that." The crowning act of meanness of the whole two sessions was reserved for a prominent and otherwise worthy member, rejoicing in the prefix of the Reverend, who, on content with his aim, had the hardihood to lug in the name of the wife of that gentleman. So did we see the clerical putting the legal profession to the blush by reckless plunges into the filth of the bar-room bawdiness in the presence of hundreds of ladies. . . . Heedless of the rules of decency, they grew worse and worse until a bill came from the Senate so bad that both Clerk and Speaker of even that House refused to read it," etc., etc.—H. B. B. in Woman's Journal.

NAPOLEON'S ESTIMATE OF JESUS CHRIST, Napoleon, when at St. Helena, asked, Count Montolieu, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" The question was declined, and Napoleon proceeded, "Well, I will tell you. I have known Alexander, Charlemagne, and myself, have founded great empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force; Jesus alone founded His empire on love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man; none else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than a man. I have inspired multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion that they would have died for me, but to do this it was necessary that I should be visibly present, with the electric influence of my looks, of my words of my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them, I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts; Christ has alone succeeded in so raising the mind of man toward the good, and I have been unsuccessful in the barriers of time and space. Across a chain of eighteen hundred years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He will have it rationally and forthwith. His demand is granted. Wonderful! In defiance of time and space, the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the Empire of Christ. All who sincerely believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love toward Him. This phenomena is unaccountable—it is altogether beyond the scope of man's creative powers. Time, the great destroyer, and powerlessness, extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This it is which strikes me most. I have often thought of it. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ."

The Word "Obe-y."

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But didn't she promise to obey? Didn't she? Of course. Then why is it that

I must be all the while yielding point and

she never? Well, sir, that is for you to settle. The marriage service gives you authority; so does the law of the land. John could look up Mrs. Lillie till she learned her lessons; he could do any of twenty other things, that no gentleman would ever think of doing, and the law would support him in it. But because John is a gentleman, and not a Paddy from Cork, he strokes his wife's head, and submits.

We understand that our brethren, the Methodists, have recently decided to leave the word "obey" out of the marriage service. Our friends are, as all the world knows a most wise and prudent denomination and guided by a very practical sense in their arrangements. If they have left the word "obey" out, it is because they have concluded that it does no good to put it in—a decision that John's experience would go a long way to justify.

From Mrs. Stowe's "Paddy and White Tyranny," in "Old and New" for Dec.

THE FAME IN PARIS.—The correspondent of the N. Y. World in Paris, writes under the date of Nov. 16th:

Rats have begun to appear at market. They readily sell at 15 cents each. Cats also are on sale. The price is 60 cents. The quotations are firm, with a decided upward tendency. I saw a turkey sold for \$10.00. I saw a pig, but not a very large, fat one offered, for which \$7 was refused; \$8 was asked; it would have fetched \$11 in ordinary times. I saw a dollar a pound. I offered \$2 for an old chicken cost this morning; the owner would hear of nothing less than \$3. Eggs are 15 cents apiece.

Yesterday morning at the Great Markets, the fishermen, whose occupation has been to catch "horse heads" and "horse tails." They yesterday asked 90 cents a pound for horse blood pudding. Bayers were so furious at this advance, they being numerous seized the sausages and blood puddings (both sold in intestines), and belabored the fishermen about the face with them. Billingsgate in Paris has as foul a mouth as Billingsgate in London, and stout arms. A fierce battle issue in which words and blows, epithets, fists, sausages, and blood-puddings flew thick as canister shot. A wagon laden with blood-puddings came up at this moment. In a jiffy it was overturned, and hundreds of people tramping under feet the blood-puddings. National Guards restored order after a while, but the market remained closed all day.

Keeping House in New York.

It is an old saying that all is not gold that glitters, and the history of the New York Fifth Avenue, will prove that the golden hue of luxury is generally little more than a deceptive show. If you live in this fashionable spot you must pay either \$75,000 for a home (perhaps \$100,000), or you must give an equivalent rent. Think of \$8,000 rent to begin with. You cannot furnish this house at less expense than \$10,000, and if pictures and statuary be introduced, you may triple that figure. To this is to be added your carriage and span of matched horses, worth \$5,000 at least. Then look over your pay-roll of servants. Here is the coachman, who, with his family, lives in a furnished room over your stable. He must have \$800 per year and will have it, even if he is obliged to rob the cat bin in order to meet a deficiency. Next is the footman, who is public driver is perched on the rear of the carriage and wears the same uniform as the driver. He must have \$300 per month and board. Add to these the cook at \$10 per month, chambermaid at \$10 per month, and nurse (for the children must not be neglected) at \$12 per month. The housekeeper cap the list, for a fashionable lady would as soon take care of her children or do any other unbecoming work as to attend to housekeeping duties, and no housekeeper can be got for less than \$20 per month. I have only put down a half dozen servants, which is a moderate number; but when we consider that each of these may be a thief, it is as many as you really need, and if you can meet the expenses and peculation which your establishment involves, you must have an income of \$25,000 at least.—N. Y. Paper.

A Touching Incident.

The world is full of mournful incidents. How little do we know of the poignant sorrow myriads of our fellow-creatures are compelled to suffer. The following touching event we take from the Boston Journal:

An express man upon reaching his office early one cold morning in January, observed on the sidewalk, a long, heavy box, which his practiced eye at once identified as containing a corpse. Upon the end of the box, shivering with cold, sat a little half-clad boy, about seven or eight years of age. Addressing him kindly, he said:

"My lad, don't sit there, you will freeze. Come in and sit by the stove."

Bursting into tears, the little fellow replied, "No, I can't come, my mother is in that box and I promised her that I would not leave her until we got home."

Deeply affected with the touching devotion of this brave little fellow, he finally succeeded in convincing him of the entire safety of his precious charge, and taking him to a neighboring restaurant, gave him a warm breakfast, and then learned the particulars of his story. His father died about a year previously, in a remote village in Minnesota, leaving his mother in poor health and nearly destitute. She died but a few days before the boy's sad journey, charging the little hero with the duty of conveying the remains to her friend in a distant State, and furnishing him with (all she had) a sum of money barely sufficient to carry them both by freight car with his melancholy trust, never for a moment losing sight of it.

Indiana's infant city is Logansport.

"Erisbo has a \$40,000 roller skating club. Detroit is disposed to find fault with the rain. There are 294 leaves of bread made from a barrel of flour; which at ten cents a loaf would yield \$29.40 a barrel. —Labin Bradley of Sheffield, has a wife of 275 pounds, a daughter 19 years old, 150 pounds, and a daughter 12 years old, 250 pounds.

A Brave Girl.

Our heroine lived in Bartlett, N. H., and was descendant of the old Crawford. Her father was a Crawford, and followed the profession of guide among the mountains. Her name was Bessie, and she was the only daughter remaining at home—a dark-eyed brown-haired girl; of slight, but compact frame; just entering her nineteenth year. Her mother had been dead several years, and upon her devoted the whole care of the household.

One day late in summer, Mr. Crawford went with a party of travelers, away to head-waters of one of the many mountain streams that empty into the Saco, and Bessie was left alone. Even the dogs had all gone with the pleasure-seekers. Near the middle of the afternoon, while the girl was sitting by an open window of the front room, engaged in sewing, a man came up from the road, and asked her if she would give him a drink of water. Bessie had seen this man before, and had not liked his looks. He was stout, broad-shouldered, ill-favored fellow, and the bits of moss and spikes of the pines, upon his clothes, indicated that he had slept in the woods.

But Bessie did not hesitate. She laid aside her work and went to get the water. When she came back the man had entered the room. She did not like this for she was sure he had come in by the window; but she handed him the dipper without remark. The man drank and set the dipper down upon the table. Then he turned upon the girl, and drew a broad-bladed knife from his pocket.

"Look ye, my young lady," he said, "I know there's money in this house—

"And I know that you are alone. Show me where the money is; if you don't, I shall kill you and then hunt it up myself. I'm in earnest and there ain't no time to waste. Don't make a fuss, for if you do you'll feel this knife quick!"

Bessie shrank back, and looked into the man's face, and she could see that he meant just what he said.

"If I show you where the money is will you promise not to do me harm?"

"Show me honest, and I won't harm you."